

# L O N D O N Triumphant:

O R,  
The CITY in Jollity and Splendour:

EXPRESSED  
In various *Pageants, Shapes, Scenes,*  
*SPEECHES* and *SONGS.*

Invented and performed for Congratulation and Delight  
of the Well-deserving,

Sir *ROBERT HANSON* Knight,  
Lord MAYOR of the City of *London.*

At the Cost and Charges of the Worshipful COMPANY of  
**G R O C E R S.**

His MAJESTY Gracing the Triumphs with His Royal Presence.

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Written by **THO. JORDAN.**

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**L O N D O N:**

Printed by *W. G.* for *Nath. Brook* at the Angel in *Cornhil*, and  
*John Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*, near the Church.

[1672]

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To the Right Honourable  
Sir *ROBERT HANSON* Knight,  
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

My Lord,

**S**ince Your Lordship was pleased to confer the Honour of this Employment upon the meanest of your Servants, I find my self obliged (in gratitude) to tender you the first Fruits of my Service, and since I am so safely invested with your Favours, I am encouraged to defie all Detraction, nor need I fear the malice of any carping Critick, since *He* that carrieth the *Sword of Justice* hath taken me into his Protection, and guardeth my *Integrity* with *His Authority*, which shall rather increase my Humility than advance my Ambition, and give me cause ever to acknowledge that I am

Your Lordships sincere and humble Servant,

*Thos. Jordan.* A 2

*Thos. Jordan.*

To the Right Honourable  
**WORTHY SOCIETY,**  
AND  
**WORSHIPFUL COMPANY**  
OF  
**GROCEERS**  
GENTLEMEN.

**I** Hope I have (without manifest Imperfections) performed your Commands, in designing the Scenes, composing pertinent Speeches and seasonable Songs for your Service in this days Triumphs; if the nicety of some Mens Enquiry discover any thing that is irregular or superfluous, I hope you will justly impute it to the brevity of my time, my person being employed in sundry places, as well as my Pen upon several Subjects: If the Accomplishment of all conduce to your Content, he hath obtained the most worthy part of his End, who is,

Gentlemen,

Your heartily humble Servant,

Tho. Jordan.



## The Agitations of the Morning.

**T**He Noble Citizens appointed for the Transactions of the Day (according to Annual Customs and Order) assemble about Seven of the Clock in the Morning at *Grocers-Hall*.

1. The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in Gowns faced with Foyns, and their Hoods.

2. The Livery, in their Gowns faced with Budge, and their Hoods.

3. The Batchelors, part thereof, in Gowns faced with Foyns, with their Gowns and Hoods.

4. Budge Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

5. Fifty Gentlemen-Ushers, in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulder, and a white Staff in his Hand.

6. Twelve other Gentlemen, for bearing Banners and Colours, some in Plush Coats, and some in Buff, they also wearing Scarfs about their Shoulders of the Companies Colours.

7. Several Drums and Fifes, with red Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company.

8. The two City Marshals, riding each of them on Horseback, with six Servitors to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.

9. The Foot Marshal, and six Attendants, with like Scarfs and Colours.

10. The Master of Defence, with the same Scarf and Colours, having Persons of his own Science to attend him.

11. Threecore and six poor Men, Pensioners, accommodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them employed in bearing of Standards and Banners.

12. Divers other Pensioners in red Gowns, white Sleeves and flat Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in the one Hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is Painted the Coat-Armour of their Benefactors.

Being in this Equipage and Order fitted,

They are by the Foot Marshall divided into several Divisions, and ranked out by two and two, beginning with the Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Front of them placeth the Companies Ensigns, four Drums, and one Fife, which is the lowest and most inferiour Division.

In the Rere of them, falls in four Drums and one Fife, after them the

several Pensioners in Coats, bearing several Banners and Standards; after them, Four Trumpets, after them the Gryphon and Camel Ensignes; Six Gentlemen Ushers, after them the Budge-Bachelors, which conclude the next Division.

In the rear of those fall Six Trumpets, after them two Gentlemen bearing two Banners, the one of the Cities, the other of the Companies Arms, after them follow eight Gentlemen-Ushers, and then the Foyns-Bachelors, which make up another Division.

After them two Gentlemen-Ushers bearing two Banners, after them ten Gentlemen Ushers habited as is set down before, and after them the Livery.

In the rear of these fall others of the City Trumpets, and after them two Gentlemen bearing the Banners of the City and the Lord Mayor, and then the Gentlemen or Court of Assistants, these conclude that Division.

In the rear of them fall in four Drums and six Trumpets, after them three other Gentlemen bearing the Kings, the Queens, and Cities Banner, and after them fourteen Gentlemen-Ushers, to follow them are appointed four Pages, and after them the Master and Wardens, which conclude all the Divisions.

In this equipage they march from *Grocers-Hall* to *Barber-Chirurgeons-Hall*, beginning with the Pensioners, until the Marshal comes and makes a halt at the Hall Gate, till such time as his Lordship and the Aldermen are mounted.

Which being done, the whole body move towards *Guild-Hall*, and at *Guild-Hall* Gate, the new Lord Mayor joyneth with the old Lord Mayor and his attendants, so all of them march through *Kings-street* down to the *Three-Crans-wharf*, and then the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and their attendants at the West end of the said Wharf take their Barge, the Court of Assistants, the Livery, and the Gentlemen-Ushers of those three Divisions at the East end of the said Wharf, whilst the residue of the retinue that remain behind, viz. some Gentlemen-Ushers, the Budge-Bachelors, and Foyns-Bachelors repair to places of refection.

The Lord Mayors, the *Grocers*, and the several Companies Barges hasten for *Westminster*, and near the *Temple* his Lordship is accosted with a pleasure Boat, properly accommodated and beautified with divers Flags and Streamers, who saluteth his Lordship with several great Pieces, which being past, his Lordship, the Aldermen, the Company of *Grocers*, and other Companies landing at *Westminster*, have a Lane made them through which they pass to the Hall, and there having performed several Ceremonial Duties and Obligations, as an Oath to be true and faithful to

His

His Majesty and Government established, Sealing of Writs in the Courts there held; and having taken leave of the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, &c. and doing some charitable Offices to the poor of that place, return to their Barges, a lane being made as before for their passage to the water-side, and there imbarge.

His Lordship, with those attending him, (the Companies) land at *Pauls-wharf*, and other places, in order to their stands in *Cheshill*, where he and they are saluted with three Volleys by (the Military glory of this Nation) the Company of Artillery-men, under the Conduct of the Right Worshipful Sir *Thomas Poyer*, they being in all their accomplishments of Gallantry; some in Buff, with Head-pieces, many of massy Silver: (of whose Honourable Society, his Lordship hath been a Member 37 Years,) from *Pauls-wharf* they march before my Lord through a Gallery of the aforesaid Bachelors and Gentlemen-Ulivers, who went not to *Westminster*; and likewise the Pensioners and Banners being set in order, ready to march, the Foot Maribal Leads the way, and in the rear of the Artillery up *Pauls-wharf* Hill to the South Church-Yard of *St. Pauls*, where his Lordship is entertained by the first Scene or Pageant.

#### *A Description of the first Pageant*

Which is upon this Stage: In the front is erected the Crest of the Worshipful Company of *Grocers*, being a Camel artfully Carved, and properly Painted, which is neer as big as the life, and sheweth very Magnificently; on whose back a *Negro* Boy is mounted betwixt two Baskets, which contain several sorts of Fruits, as Raisons, Almonds, Dates, Figs, Prunes, and other variety of *Grocery* Wares, which when the following Speech is spoken, he scattereth with a plentiful hand amongst the people, who scramble as much for them as if they were a cast of so much Silver: this *Negro* holds in one hand a Banner of the Kings Arms, his Bridle is of red and white Ribon, (being the Companies Colours,) on his head he wares a Garland or rather wreath of Feathers, at each side of him stand a Goddess, the one representing *Plenty* in a watchet-tinsel-Robe, and a Horn or Cornucopia, out of the great end issuing branches of Fruits and Flowers; on her head a Garland of Roses upon a tire of long bright brown Hair, and a Banner in her hand: On the other hand standeth a young Virgin representing *Concord*, in a Sky-coloured Robe, and a yellow Mantle, with the like Garland of Roses on her head, a Silver wand in one hand and a Banner in the other: And in the rear of this Camel, highly exalted on a silver Throne and under a Canopy of Silver fringed, sitteth an Imperial person alone, in Royal habit, his Face black,

and likewise his Neck and Arms, which are naked to the Elbows; on his Head a Crown of various coloured Feathers, a rope of Pearl about his Neck, Pendants in his Ears, short curl'd black wool-like-Hair, a Coat of several painted Feathers, a silver Mantle cross him, from the right shoulder to the left side; in his right hand he holdeth a Scepter of Silver with a bright Golden Sun on the top of it, Carnation Silk Stockings, and on them Silver Buskins laced before, and furred with Gold Ribon, and on a descent gradually next under him sitteth two *Negress*, attired properly in diverse colour'd Silks, with Silver or Gold Wreaths or Coronets upon their Heads, as Princes of *West-India*, adorned with Necklaces, Pendants, and Bracelets of Jewels and Pearls, and Javelins in their Hands; and on the next seat of descent under them, sit three other *Black-Moors*, in antick attire, their habits all consisting of diverse delightful colour'd Silks and gaudy Feathers, bearing the Kings, the Cities, my Lords, and the Companies small Banners: The Emperour rising up in his Throne and addressing to his Lordship, makes this following Application in these words.

*The first Speech, spoken by the Indian Emperour.*

**T**O fill your Triumphs, and compleat this Show,  
The Princes of *Peru* and *Mexico*  
With our Imperial Train appear in State,  
Your Royal Revellings to Celebrate:  
Especially to be receiv'd a Guest  
By those that bear this *Camel* in their Crest;  
Because it is reported (as Fame saith)  
That *England's* great Defender of the Faith,  
Head of four Thrones, doth not disdain to be  
A Member of the *Grocers* Company.  
If their indulgent Soveraign be so good  
As to consociate in Brotherhood,  
And be incorpored, well may I  
(That furnish them with Fruits and Spicery)  
Give them a visit, and congratulate  
Their Noble-natur'd, new-made Magistrate;  
For I have heard He is a person free  
And liberal in Hospitalitie:

His

His Wine-Cellar and Tables are replete,  
 Not with long Graces and with little Meat,  
 But blest'd with Plenty; and good welcom too.  
 Then I address my self (my Lord,) to you,  
 To whom the City wisely hath preferr'd  
 The seat of Mayoralty; they have not err'd,  
 But very orderly they made their Choyce  
 By Legal limitations, *Vote and Voyce*:  
 And may you prosper in your place, and be  
 The perfect Mirror of true Equitie.  
*Justice* supports the World: for without that  
 No man hath title to his own Estate;  
 Which mix'd with *Avarice*, gives mankind new birth,  
 And may be fely styl'd *Heaven* upon *Earth*:  
 Which there's no question, but you will dispense  
 To peacefull Quiet, and cherish Innocence,  
 And with your Eagles eyes, to search out those  
 That are your God's, your King's, and Country's foes;  
 Such as ly lurking, only to grow higher  
 By Civil Wars, or Cities set on fire,  
 Which they'll pretend to quench: But (in a word)  
 You bear the Sword of Government (my Lord)  
 In such a peevish Age, that (as may say),  
 Many are studious how to Disobey,  
 And yet speak well, but if they Act not so,  
 We are better Morallists in *Alexico*:  
 But I am well assur'd, my Lord, you'l do  
 What Love and Equity shall prompt you to,  
 And future Ages shall your praises sing  
 With a choise Pen pluckt from an Eagles wing.

The Speech ended, the Scene quits the station, and is convey'd through  
*Chappide*, his *Antichur* continueth his course through *Chappide* also,  
 and just against Bow-Church he is intercepted, and provoked (willingly)  
 to be saluted by other three, Pageants of Scenes: which is described in  
 this manner.



## A Description of the three Pageants.

On the first two Stages ( which flank each other, ) stand two large Gryphons, ( which are Supporters to the Arms of the Grocers Company, ) on whose backs are two Negroes mounted, in Indian habits, according to the mode and fashion of the Countrey, bearing in their hands each of them a large Banner, containing the one the Cities, the other the Grocers Arms, at each corner in front sitteth or standeth two white Virgins, the one personating Victory, clad in a Robe of yellow, in one hand a Helmet, in the other a Pomegranate; by the Helmet is meant force and strength of Body, by the Pomegranate, unity of Wit and Counsel, standing upon a Base, in one hand a Palm, in the other a Crown of Gold.

The other representeth Gladness, in a green Robe, and a Mantle of divers colours, embroidered with flowers, a Garland of Myrtles; in her right hand a Crystal Crosse, in her left a Golden Cup.

In the rear of the Gryphons and adjoining to them, is a Stage, on which is erected a Golden Throne, set with Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, Amethysts, Diamonds, and Carbuncles, supremely elevated and gradually ascending, with a fringed Canopy and side-Curtains tyed up, of Gold; on which, in Majestick glory, sitteth a young handsome person representing Apollo, on his Head a Peruque of long, curPd, bright flaxen hair, a wreath of green Laurel about his Head, and springing from it above his Forehead is the figure of the Sun richly gilded; a close-bodied Coat or Vest of Gold; a light Robe or Tunick of Purple, bearing a Silver Bow in his right hand, as he is the God of Archery; a Golden Harp in the other strung with Silver, as he is the God of Musick.

On his right and left hand in semicircular session are, First, on his right hand sitteth Fame, a Lady clad in a thin light Garment of sky-colour, a yellow Mantle fringed with Gold, in her right hand a Silver Trumpet and a Banner.

2. Next to her sitteth a person representing Peace; a Lady all in white, semined with Stars, a carnation Mantle fringed with Gold, a Vail of Silver, and in her hand a Palm or Olive-branch.

3. A proper Lady personating Justice; in a yellow Robe and white Mantle, with a Coronet of Silver about her Head, bearing a Shield in her right hand, charged with a pair of Scales pendant and equal.

4. On his left hand sitteth Aurora Goddess of the Morning, being a lovely young Virgin in a Mantle of Saffron-colour, Carnation Wings, long fair dishevel'd Hair sprinkled with Dew-drops, a Silver Wreath about her Head, and a Star springing out of it above her Forehead.

1. Next

2. Next to her, sits *Flora* the Goddess of Flowers; in a Robe of divers colours, a Mantle, all painted with Roses, Lillies, Violets and Primroses, a Garland of various-colour'd Flowers on her head, holding a little Tree full of Blossoms in her right hand.

3. Next in order to her sitteth *Ceres* the Goddess of Corn; with yellow Hair, a straw-colour'd Mantle trimm'd with Silver, wearing a Wreath about her Head consisting of variety of Grain, (*viz.* Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, intermingled with yellow Flowers, Blew-bottles and errack Poppies, and (in her right hand) a Silver Sickle.

*The second speech, spoken by Apollo sitting in State.*

With Oriental Eyes I come to see,  
 And gratulate this great Solemnitie,  
 With my refulgent presence to dispense  
 The comforts of Light, Heat and Influence;  
 To grace that Company above the rest,  
 Who traffick for those Fruits my Beams have blest;  
 Whose stout Supporters with their wings and claws  
 Defend them like the power of Pœnal Laws;  
 These and their Camel do, in breadth and length,  
 At once display their Treasure and their Strength:  
 To whom (as Fame exhibits) it did please  
 Their High and Mighty Sovereign of the Seas  
 To be communicable. But I am gon  
 I fear, too far from my Intention,  
 Which is to give one that is Good and Great,  
 A hearty Welcom to His *Justice-Seat*:  
 It hath been often said, as often done,  
 That all men will worship the *Rising Sun*, [riseth]  
 Such are the Blessings of his Beams, but now  
 The *Rising Sun*, my Lord, doth worship you. [bow]

The Sun of this *Metropolis*, whose Heat  
 And Light, lends lustre to the Sacred Seat  
 Of even-handed *Justice*, whose true Use is  
 To right the wronged, and suppress Abuses:

For

For without Justice, all the World would be  
 A Den of Dragon-like Deformitie:  
 Usurping Guile would on the Weak prevail,  
 And injured Innocence rot in a Jail;  
*Mean* and *Unm* then would be abhor'd,  
 And True Mens Right decided by the Sword  
 Of impious Power, and the next Heir must fight  
 A Battel for his Birth-right; but the *Light*  
 Of Justice, in due season, being shown,  
 Doth equally allot each Man his own,  
 'Gainst a long Sword, an Infant may command  
 His Portion, with a Rattle in his Hand.  
 Justice and *Phabus* every way accord;  
 I'll shew't you in a Parabel, my Lord:  
*Owls, Bats, Mice, Rats,* hate Light; so *Rogues* and *Thieves*  
 Hate Justice-Hall, the Lord Mayor, and the *Shrieves*.  
 Justice makes good Men rise, and bad Men sink;  
 So *Sol* makes Gardens sweet, and *Dunghills* stink;  
 The Sun in every place doth cast his Eye;  
 So Justice into a guilty Soul can pry;  
*Phabus* gives Lustre, Beauty, Strength, Growth, Health;  
 So Justice shines upon a Common-wealth,  
 I could enlarge, but that I fear my Tongue  
 May at this instant do your Patience wrong;  
 Therefore my *sun* shall let, no more I'll say;  
 You're the Sun now, this is my Lord Mayor's Day.

His Lordship moving further, shewing evident Signs, that he was very well pleas'd with this Representation and Speech, meeteth another Scene of Drolls, near St. *Lawrence*'s Lane End, which is a Stage very large, whereon is artificially planted a Wilderness; as it is thus described.

[ and ]  
 4. Description of the Wilderness.

The Wilderness or Desert, doth consist of divers Trees, in several sorts of green Colours; some in Blossom; others wealthily laden, with some green and some ripe and proper Fruits and Spices, as Dates, Pine-Apples,

Apples, Cloves, Nutmegs in their Cortex, Figs, Raisins, large Plumbs, Vines laden with great Clusters of red and white Grapes, Sebestens, Tamarinds, inhabited with Tawny *Moor*s, who are laborious in gathering, carrying, setting, sorting, sowing, and ordering the Fruits and other Physical Plants of their Country, several Baskets of which stand up and down here and there ready gathered; there is of these Labourers and Gatherers five or six; there are also three Pipers, and several Kitchen Musicians, that Play upon Tonga, Gridiron, Keys, and other such-like confused Musick; whilst others are Dancing and shewing Tricks: On the Trees are divers Birds, Natives of that Country, as the Parrot, Popinjays, having their Breasts and Bellies of purple Colour, and their Wings of other changeable Colours, Turtle-Doves, white Wild-ducks with purple Heads, and several Serpents (of which *West-India* doth much abound) turning, winding, rigling, and crawling about the Bodies and the Branches; and upon a grass green Mountain, natively crown'd with a steep Rock in a Pyramidical Figure, and all about it diaper'd with sundry colour'd Flowers, eminently exalted above the tops of the Trees, standeth the Representation of *America*, figuratively personating that Part of the World.

#### *The Description of AMERICA.*

A proper Masculine Woman, with a tawny Face, Raven-black long Hair, curling up at the ends, on her Head a Crown Imperial; her Breast naked and tawny, with several Necklaces of Pearl, Gold, and divers coloured Jewels, as blew, green, yellow, red, purple, and Orange Colour; her Arms stripp'd up to her Elbows, on which hang variety of glittering Bracelets; a Vest of Cloth of Silver, furred about her Arms with Gold, Silver and Scarlet Ribbon; a short Petticoat or Bases of Silver, fringed with Gold, reaching no lower than the Knees; *Aurora*-coloured Silk Stockings, and a Pair of Buskins of Silver, that are laced up to her Calf with golden Ribbons in Puffs; bearing the large Banner of the Lord Mayor's Family-Coat, and the Golden Eagle, which is the Crest of the *Scriveners* Company (which was his Function). She standing upright in a handfom posture, with an audible Voice, delivereth this following Narrative.

#### *The Third Speech spoken by AMERICA:*

**T**Hat I the better may Attention draw,  
Be pleas'd to know I am *America*,

C

The

The Western Quarter of the World, whose Climes  
 Were not discover'd till these later Times:  
 When first *Columbus* found me out, where I  
 Lay hid a long time in obscurity,  
 (Unknown to *Christendom*) I liv'd at ease,  
 Enrich'd with Gold, Tranquility and Peace;  
 But when, by fierce Invasions, they did know  
 The Treasures of *Pera* and *Mexico*,  
 (My two great Empires) I became a Prey  
 To divers Nations, who did rob and slay  
 My naked Natives, such as knew no Art  
 Is War-like Weapons, but the Bow and Dart.  
 Then came the winged Ship, with thundring Gun,  
 Which dimm'd the Eyes of our great God, the Sun,  
 The only Deity we worship'd, and  
 Ransack'd my Riches, over-ran my Land,  
 Ruin'd my Princes, (my sad Fate was such)  
 The haughty *Spaniard* and the cruel *Dutch*  
 (Than which the Devil is not worse) did Build  
 Fortifications, round me in the Field,  
 Brought over Priests, and Monks with Holy Hoods,  
 To teach Religion, whilst they stole my Goods:  
 Only the *English* Nation I did find  
 Amongst the rest more peaceable and kind,  
 Full of Humanity, who did persuade  
 Me to a generous and fair way of Trade;  
 Faithful in Word and Deed, which makes me come  
 To this Celestial Part of *Christendom*,  
 And bear my share in the Triumphant Glory  
 Of *London's* Magistrate, whose Fame and Story  
 Throughout the Western World I'll boldly sing,  
 A Faithful Subject to a Gracious King:  
 And may they both ever preserved be  
 From publick Force or private Treachery

That



That so the *GROCEERS* Traffick may prevail  
 So long as Ships on the curl'd Ocean Sail:  
 May you, (my Lord) be prosp'rous in your Year  
 By doing Justice, purchase Love and Fear  
 May you be alwayes Merciful and Just  
 For what one will not do, the other must:  
 May no Rebellious Seeds-men sow Discord  
 'Twixt *White-Hall* *Scapere*, and the *Gold-Hall* Sword:  
 May Peace, Truth, Trade, with Plenty and Content  
 Make all men Bleis'd under your Government.

*This Speech being ended, the Players, the Gatherers, and Rapers, Sing this ensuing Song, with a Chorus at the end of every Verse.*

## A SONG.

**T**his Wilderness is  
 A place full of Bliss,  
 For caring and sparing  
 We know not what 'tis  
 By the sweat of our brows  
 We do purchase our meats  
 What we pluck from the boughs  
 We do lye down and eat.

## CHORUS:

*We labour all day, but we frolick at Night,  
 With smoking and joking, and tricks of Delight.*

## II.

The Merchant that Plows  
 On the Seas rugged brows,  
 Submits all his hits  
 To what Fortune allows:  
 If he do but frown  
 The Trader is down  
 Till he comes to his Port he has nothing his own.

## CHORUS.

*We labour all day, yet we frolick at Night,  
 With smoking and joking, and tricks of Delight.*

III.  
 Of Fruits that are ripe  
 We all freely can take;  
 With Tongues and Bag-Pipe  
 Jolly Musick we make:  
 In our Pericraniums no mischief doth lurk;  
 We are happier then they that do set us a work.  
 We never are losers  
 What ever wind drive;  
 Then God blest the Grocers;  
 And send them to thrive.

## CHORUS.

*We labour all Day, yet we frolick at Night,  
 With smoaking and joking, and tricks of Delights.*

The Song being ended, the Foot Marshal having placed the Assistants; Livery, and the Companies on both sides of *Kings-street*, and their Pensioners, with their Targets hung on the tops of their Javelins; in the rear of them the Engline-bearers; Drums and Fifes in the front, and hasten the Foyns and Budge-Batchelors, together with the Gentlemen-Ushers to *Guild-Hall*, where his Lordship is again saluted by the Artillery-men with three Volleys more, which conclude their duty, his Land Attendants pass through the Gallery or lane so made, into *Guild-Hall*; after which, the Companies repair to the Hall to Dinner; and the several Silk-works, and Triumphs are likewise conveyed into *Blackwell-Hall*; and the Officers aforesaid, and the Children that sit in the Pageants, there refresh themselves, until his Lordship hath Dined at *Guild-Hall*; where (to make the Feast more famous) his Lordship is glorified with the splendor and presence of his Loyal Highness the Duke of *York*, Prince *Rupert*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*, and all the other Bishops (at this time in *London*;) all the Resident Embassadours and *Envoyes*; all the Lords of the Privy-Council; all the Principal Officers of State; all the Judges and Serjeants at Law, and their Ladies.

I must not omit to tell you, that (marching in the van of these five Pageants) there are two exceeding Rarities to be taken notice of; that is, there are two extream great Giants, each of them of at least Fifteen Foot high, that do sit and are drawn by Horses in two several Chariots, moving, talking, and taking Tobacco as they ride along, to the great admiration and delight of all the Spectators: At the conclusion of the Show, they are to be set up in *Guild-Hall*, where they may be daily seen

all

all the Year; and I hope never to be demolished by such dismal violence as happened to their predecessors; which are raised at the peculiar and proper cost of the City. But I must return to *Guild-Hall* again, and wait upon my Lord, where his Lordship and the Guests being all seated, the City *Musick* begin to touch their Instruments with very Artful Fingers; and after a Lesson being played, and their Ears as well feasted as their Mouths, a person with a good Voice, in good Humour, and audible utterance (the better to provoke digestion) Sings this new Droll,

To the Tune of ——— *With a Faddling.*

## A S O N G.

## I.

Let's Drink and Droll and Dance and Sing;  
And merrily cry, *Long live the King*;  
'Tis Friendship and Peace  
Makes Trading increase:  
Blind Fortune has plaid  
The changeable Jade;  
We may curse her.

## II.

Let's sum up all that hath been done  
From Forty Two till Seventy One,  
Then he that loves changes  
Let him go on:  
But I'll venture my Fiddle and Forty to One  
'I will be worser.

## III.

When Ordinance Laws beat down the Kings;  
And *Peters* preach'd for Thimbles and Rings;  
When all that we priz'd  
Were Sacrific'd;  
What did it produce  
For general use,  
But Confusion.

## IV.

## IV.

The Conjuring party rais'd then  
 Spirits they ne're could lay agen;  
 But suffer'd disasters,  
 Their Servants grew Masters;  
 Who slighted their Votes,  
 And cudgell'd their Coats  
 In conclusion.

## V.

Thus did our Holy War succeed,  
 It made two hundred thousand Bleed,  
 And fellows that neither  
 Could write nor read,  
 Did scatter in Pulpits  
 The Sanctifi'd Seed  
 Of Division.

## VI.

The Captain of a Troop of Horse, [Cromwel.]  
 With Courage and Conduct, cunning and force,  
 The Crown, King and Kingdom did divorce;  
 And put the Land into a Protectorly course,  
 By Excision.

## VII.

'And after that great fatal Blow,  
 What did become of all you know;  
 The right Royal Heir  
 Return'd to his Chair;  
 By no means fallacious,  
 But by a good gracious  
 Director.

## VIII.

Now let us survey this present Age;  
 Where freedom enlargeth the bounds of the Stage:  
 'Tis pleasanter far than Ruin and Rage,  
 That swagger'd and sway'd,  
 When *Oliver* play'd  
 The Protector.

## IX.

Our Ensigns now are turn'd to Smocks,  
 And Ladies fight with, their Fire-locks,  
 Wine, Women and Sturgeon  
 Make work for the Surgeon,  
 The bonny Buff-Jacket  
 Doth Tilt at a Placket  
 Of Roses.

## X.

Thus have you heard the Changes Rung,  
 As much as may be said or sung:  
 We must be no Talkers,  
 For fear the Night-walkers  
 Do watch for our Words,  
 And wait with their Swords;  
 For our Noses.

This Droll being ended, and well approved, a hearty Cup of Wine  
 is set round the Table; in the mean time, the Musick express their skill  
 in playing divers new sprightly Ayres, whilst another Musician with  
 a Cup of Sack puts his Pipe in tune to sing this Medley, call'd,

*The Discontented CAVALIER.*

## The MEDLEY,

*Consisting of six several TUNES.*

## FIRST AIRE.

I'll never trust good Fellow more,  
 For I was told  
 My Shelves should shine with Gold  
 Bright as *Tagus* yellow store:  
 But now the Iron Age is gone,  
 An Age of Stone  
 I fear is rolling on;  
 Or a heavy Lead on.  
 Old Loyalty is cramp'd with cold,  
 And laid a side like Tales too often told;  
 Or not regarded, because 'tis old:  
 Our Trumpet's turn'd into a Shalm, (balm,  
 But yet our wounds have neither tent nor  
 We freeze in Fire-drown in a Calm.

## SECOND AIRE.

The City now  
 And Country too, (to do;  
 Cry out to the Court they have nothing  
 The Stage and Stews  
 Our Gallants use, (Jews;  
 And most of our Gentiles are turn'd into  
 For when Justice turns Player,  
 We may despair  
 Of ever having an end on't:  
 We have laid all our Trade by,  
 Ne're were worle made by  
 Presbyter or Independant:  
 It ne're was so bad,  
 We ne're were more mad;



But we must needs fall  
When the Dammees get all :  
From a King-killing Saint ,  
Patch, Powder, and Paint ,  
Where e're they be ,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

## THIRD ATRE.

The World is but a moral Cheat ;  
And every Vice is good that's great :  
Religion is a Nose of Wax ,  
Which Politicks use to raise a Tax :  
Lust is no Sin in  
Fair white Linnen ;  
Or a fair Cambrick Frock on ;  
Yet for Pride  
*Faint Shores* died ,  
Some say, with never a Smock on ,  
The Polititian  
Calls Ambition  
By the name of Honour ;  
But Fortune  
Spoils our Tune ,  
A mischief light upon her.

## FOURTH ATRE.

Hypocrisie and fair pretences  
Convinces  
The City, the Country, and Camp ;  
And all must pass currant ,  
I'm sure on't, (stamp.  
That comes from the Mint with a politick  
The Sects we have,  
And Gallants brave ,  
Do the self-same Tenent hold ;  
For both can turn the Gospel into Gold.  
To Yea and Nay .  
We were a prey,  
But in this our latter fall, (us all.  
Your humble Servant Madam, cheats

## FIFTH ATRE.

Little we find  
In the turn of the wind  
For Consolation ; (the same ;  
Times are well changed, but Crimes are  
Nothing is right  
To the minds that delight  
In Reformation ; (Garr.  
Pride and Ambition are Cocks of the

He that can gallant it in the *French* rode ;  
Swear he is valiant, and dance *à la mode* ,  
By Ladies Letter-case ,  
Shall have a better place  
Than me or he  
That hath indur'd the lode.

But still I hope that the Vice of the Times  
Will not be permanent, pardon my Rhimes,  
I'll do no person wrong  
With my Pen or my Tongue,  
Though I let fly  
So high at lofty Crimes.

## SIXTH ATRE.

Leave off thinking now ,  
And laugh a little ;  
Fall a drinking too ,  
And quaff a little.  
Good Canary never  
Did miscarry ever ;  
Drink, or no good fellow will care for ye ;

Wine will never prick out Popish Crotchets,  
Sack will never kick at Copes and Rotchets ;  
He that hatcheth Treason  
In a merry season ,  
Is a Fellow void of love and reason.

They that freely tittle , envy none that rise,  
But are well contented,  
And consented,  
(Untormented)  
To be truly  
Out of the care, and free from that plague  
Which rides, like a Hag,  
The wife.

Let us all be merry, laugh, and change our  
Hold it, fill it, (chink.  
Swill it ,  
Drink it fair and do not spill it ;  
Take it,  
Shake it,  
*Vive le Roy.*  
We'll trade  
And wade  
In no other joy  
But Drink ,  
Then drink,

This

This gave occasion for a Health to His Majesty, which was cheerfully performed, whilst the Musick Play a well Composed Libel of Ayres, and make ready for a third Song.

*The Third SONG. To the Tune of Mares Ayres.*

O H! who would fix his Eyes upon  
These fading Joyes under the Sun?  
Alas, they are no sooner won,  
But on a suddain all are gone.

Like Flint and Steel, they strike a Show,  
'Tis as he cryes,  
Who lately sayd  
*Touch and go.*

Health, Strength and Beauty, Worth and Wealth,  
Love and Honour, all may meet  
Within one single person; yet  
Be spoil'd with one unluckily hit:

Experience did lately show  
That Greatness can  
Not fix a man,  
*Touch and go.*

Your Gardens, Lanes, and Buildings fair,  
Are all but Castles in the Air;  
Though some they say are so profuse  
To turn a Town into a House,

Which they at last are forc'd to leave,  
Leave Friends and Wives,  
The Devil drives  
*Touch and run.*

All Joys are like a gliding stream,  
Beauty is but a pleasing dream;  
A Man his Mistress will prefer  
Above his Soul; no Heaven but her;  
He night and day doth hourly see,

But having got  
Wor yet what:

*Touch and go.*

V.  
Reality and true intent  
Are turn'd into a Complement;  
A person may Preferment get  
By playing of the Connexion;

But Times true Touch-stone soon will show

What is express

Upon the test:

Touch and go.

VI.  
The gayest Gallants of our Age  
Are become students of the Stage;  
Oxford and Cambridge we lay by,  
For Play-house University.

Like Glow-worms in the night they show,

Whom when the Sun

Doth peep upon,

Touch and go.

VII.  
Another, to express vain glory,  
Cries dam-him, ten times in one story;  
He stares and struts at such a rate  
As if he'd break St. George's pate.

But when State-stormy winds do blow,

From Drums and Guns

Away he runs:

Touch and go.

VIII.  
There's nothing fixt under the Skyes;  
London late fir'd, in ashes lyes:  
Nor could man's wisdom bring't about  
To use a means to put it out:

It did so such a blazing grow,

With London 'twas

In five dayes space

But touch and go.

## IX.

It would require (more to rehearse)  
 A volume rather than a verse,  
 To set down all the short delights  
 That do attend our daies and nights:  
 Mens Honours make a daring show;  
 But prove at large  
 As French-men charge:  
*Touch and go.*

## A SONG.

I Am a lusty lively Lad,  
 Now come to One and Twenty,  
 My Father left me all he had,  
 Both Gold and Silver plenty;  
 Now He's in Grave, I will be Brave,  
 The Ladies shall adore me,  
 I'll Court and Kiss, what hurt's in this?  
*My Dad did so before me.*

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,  
 Till Soul and Body fundred;  
 Some say he was a Miser,  
 For Thirty in the Hundred (patch'd  
 He scrap and scratcht, She pinch'd and  
 That in Her Body bore me,  
 But I'll let Flie, good cause why,  
*My Father was born before me.*

My Daddy had his Duty done,  
 In getting so much Treasure,  
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,  
 For spending it in Pleasure:  
 Five Pound a Quart shall chear my Heart,  
 Such Nectar will restore me;  
 When Ladies call, I'll have at All,  
*My Father was born before me.*

My Grandam liv'd at Washington,  
 My Grandfir delv'd in Ditches,  
 The Son of Old John Thrashington,  
 Whose Lanthorn Leather Breeches,  
 Cry'd, *Whether go ye, whether go ye?*  
 Though men do now adore me,  
 They ne're did see my Pedigree,  
*His was born before me.*

My Grandfir, Sir'd, and Wir'd, & thriv'd,  
 Till he did Riches gather,  
 And when he had much Wealth achiev'd,  
 O! then he got my Father:  
 Of happy Memory cry I,  
 That e're his Mother bore him,  
 I had not been worth one Penny,  
*Had I been born before him.*

To Free-School, Cambridge and Gray's Inn  
 My Gray-coat Grandfir put him,  
 Till to forget he did begin  
 The Leather Breech that got him:  
 One dealt in Straw, t'other in Law,  
 The one did ditch and delve it,  
 My Father store of Satin wore,  
*My Grandfir Beggars Values.*

So I get Wealth, what care I if  
 My Grandfir were a Sawyer,  
 My Father prov'd to be Chief,  
 Subtle, and Learned Lawyer:  
 By Cooks, Reports, and Trick's in Court,  
 He did with Treasures store me,  
 That I may say, Heavens bless the day,  
*My Father was born before me.*

Some say of late, a Merchant that  
 Had gotten store of Riches,  
 In's Dining-room hung up his Hat,  
 His Staff, and Leather Breeches,  
 His Stockings garter'd up with Straws,  
 E're Providence did store him,  
 His Son was Sheriff of London, cause  
*His Father was born before him.*

So many Blades that rant in Silk,  
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,  
As first did spring from Butter-milk,  
Their Ancestors worth nothing;  
Old Adam and our Grandson Eve,  
By Digging and by Spinning;  
Did to all Kings and Princes give  
Their Radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,  
Though Selfish yet was Slavish,  
I'll spend it at another rate,  
And be as lowly Lavish:

From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves, he did  
Lazily receive it,  
All to be did Justice to it;  
But I will use it as I will;  
I'll Play-house, and Tennis Court,  
I'll grow a Noble Fellow,  
I'll Court my Dames to the Sport,  
Of O Grave Punchinello!  
I'll Dice and Drab, and Drink and Stab,  
No Heed to what you say me;  
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,  
My Father is gone before me.

Dinner being ended, and Night approaching, his Lordship being attended by a *Company* of his own Company, takes Coach, and is conducted to *Baker's Church-yard*, where the troublesome Night Ceremony which hath been formerly, when St. Paul's Church was standing. When his Lordship is housed, those that attend him depart with order and convenience, and the Triumph and Silk-works are (by the care of the Masters Artificers lodged for that Night in *Black-Hall*) till the next day following, and then they are to be conveyed to *Green-Hall*. Thus to their honours, the Company of *Artificers* have with unspeakable Love and Joyfulness, thrice been at the charge of such Triumphs since the happy restoration of His Majesty.

To close up all, the Artificers and artificers employed in this dayes Triumph, (each of them deserving ample Commendations,) bid you good Night.

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### POSTSCRIPT

It was so late ere we had Information, that we must refer one of the most material things to the narrow limits of a Postscript, which is, That the Kings Most Excellent Majesty is pleased to illustrate these Triumphs with his most Gracious Presence, and to Dine at *Guild-Hall*.

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IN IS.